

EMPEROR AT NINETY.

CAREER OF THE KAISER WILLIAM.

Celebration of his Ninetieth Birthday—How He has Endured Himself to the Honors of His People.

The recent celebration of the ninetieth birthday of that remarkable old man, Emperor William of Germany, was one of the red-letter days of the nineteenth century.

It is difficult to realize that this hale and hearty monogerman, with carriage still erect and eyesight undimmed, once met the great Napoleon on the field of battle, the great Napoleon of our grandparent's nursery days, and more difficult still that after a practical retirement of two generations he commenced the herculean task of regenerating and reunifying his country, and at the age of seventy-three completed it in the face of apparently insurmountable obstacles. The beginning of his career is fraught with the most dramatic interest. His tragic incidents impressed themselves deeply upon his youthful mind and moulded his character accordingly. Frederick William Louis was born on March 22, 1797, at a moment when the French revolution had begun to triumph over its many enemies, including the King of Prussia. The Emperor's grandfather, Frederick William II, nephew of Frederick the Great, was still upon the throne, but died soon after, leaving his kingdom to the Emperor's father, Frederick William III. The first nine years of William's life were among his happiest. His mother, the beautiful and accomplished Queen Louise, daughter of the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, took personal charge of the lad's education as well as that of his elder brother, the Crown Prince Frederick William, his younger brother Carl and his sister Charlotte, and a happier family circle than the King's could nowhere be found.

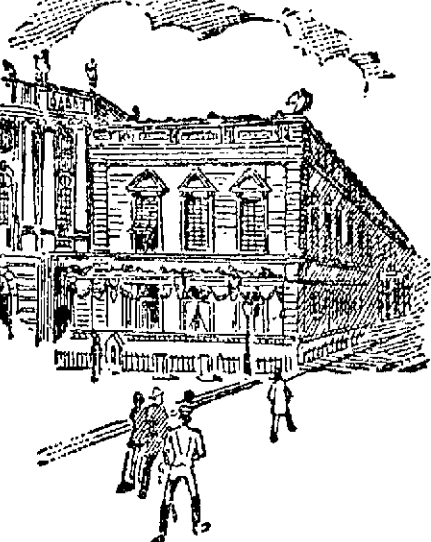
The year 1806, with its cruel changes, destroyed this lovely idyl. Through his vacillating course in dealing with the Emperor Napoleon, King Frederick William found himself suddenly isolated from the rest of Europe and a prey to the conqueror. The battles of Jena, Auerstadt and Saalfeld decided the fate of his kingdom, from which Napoleon sliced off 2,700 square miles with a population of 5,000,000 souls. On no one did this blow fall more heavily than on the Queen. Her flight after the Prussian defeat was attendant with much misery and suffering, and her poignant sorrow failed not to awaken a responsive echo in her children's hearts. Nor were her exhortations unheeded.

"Children," cried the great hearted patriotic woman, "upon you will fall the duty some day of retrieving this terrible disaster to our beloved country. Be men, and let not the degeneracy of the present day make you its victims. Be the worthy successors of the great Frederick, and if it is beyond your power to re-establish the country's independence in defense of her honor as did Prince Louis Ernest at the battle of Saalfeld."



QUEEN LOUISE OF PRUSSIA.

Her words fell on fruitful ground. They seemed to impart fresh vitality to her youngest son, who had ever been a sickly child. They caused him to forget his sunny childhood and to bend his energies on the work of the future. The few years following upon Jena were passed by the royal family alternately in Königsberg and Memel, and during this period the Queen vainly sought Russia's help to drive away the conqueror. Finally, in 1809, the King decided to return to Berlin, and his two young sons entered the capital as lieutenants in the ranks of a regiment of the guards. The greatest sorrow of young William's life was now at hand. In the next year his dearly beloved mother succumbed to a short but fatal illness while on a visit to her father in Strelitz. The anniversary of her death has ever been a day of mourning to the great monarch. He has never failed on such a day to carry flowers to her tomb in Charlottenburg and to drop a tear in her remembrance.



WHERE THE EMPEROR LIVES.

King Frederick William III., the father of the present Emperor, breathed his last on June 7, 1840, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Frederick William IV. This Prince was a thorough Conservative in his political views, a curious mixture of the pietist and debauchee.

Prince William's life at this time was comparatively uneventful. At the close of the South German campaign his royal brother appointed him Governor General of the Rhenish provinces and Westphalia, and his rule there was characterized by patience and benignancy. He took particular interest in Masonry and succeeded in being elected Grand Master of the Masons of Prussia. His political views underwent a certain change in the direction of Liberalism and the King's

ever-growing tendency to assert absolute rights over the Landtag met with his disapproval. The King, it may here be said, was slowly drinking himself to death. Always a slave to good wine and alcoholics, the events of 1848, by unbalancing his but poorly developed mental faculties, only increased his love for that kind of indulgence. His constant bickering with the representatives of the people, and the irritability consequent thereon threw him ever and again into the arms of Baciulus. Finally his condition alarmed even the pietistical sycophants who had encouraged him in his obstinate course, and Prince William, as their apparent, was called upon for counsel. As the King only grew worse the Prince on October 23, 1857, accepted the Regency of the Kingdom for the term of three months from the hands of the Landtag. This term was afterwards twice renewed, and as the King's condition remained the same, or rather he was found to be hopelessly insane from the effects of hard drinking, Prince William was finally declared permanent Regent on October 7, 1858.



WILLIAM I., Emperor William.

There is never any chance in the appearance of the venerable monarch's palace home. His sleeping-room and office at the corner of the building that stands in the Unter den Linden are lit up every evening at the usual hour, and even when the sovereign is absent these windows are bright with lamps and candles until midnight, just as though he were in the capital. The room is a large one, some 18x25 feet square, with wooden wainscoting and heavy brown satin hangings. The bed, although a simple one, is no longer the iron camp bedstead which most of his biographers have declared to be his nightly couch. It stands with the head to the wall, facing a wide, lofty window shaded by thick blinds, and near it on a little table is a collection of family photographs, including that of the Emperor himself, who is represented holding on his knees his great-grandson, the next but last born child of Prince William. The Emperor's watch hangs at the head of the bed, where also a bell-ropes is within his reach. On the mantelpiece, no matter what may be the season of the year, there is always a huge bouquet of blue corn flowers, the Emperor's favorite, in a silver Renaissance vase. On a bracket fastened to the wall is a two-branched candlestick with green shades. The whole of one side of the room is filled up with a large mirror. A door opens from this room into the one assigned to the general on duty as aide-de-camp. Another door communicates with the Emperor's private office to which he proceeds as soon as he is up and dressed, and where he always begins his daily work by reading the verse of scripture, the proverb, or the philosophical reflection printed on the ephemeral almanac hanging over his desk. He now and then adds an annotation of his own to these daily slips or makes on them a memorandum of how he has employed the day, and as they are all carefully preserved by his grand-daughter, the Princess William of Prussia, they will one day form a curious and valuable collection for the examination of future biographers and historians.

For a great many years a cane-bottomed chair was the only seat this room contained, but this has lately been exchanged for a large green leather upholstered arm one, which stands to the right of three tables placed in a row. On the first of these are placed letters, petitions, and reports as they are received; on the second there are writing materials; a silver inkstand shaped like a Krupp shell, and a pen made out of an eagle's feather, with which the Emperor always writes; on the third table are books.



AT THE HISTORICAL WINDOW.

German, English, and French newspapers and reviews, complete files of which are also kept in a large room on the ground floor of the palace. In this office the Emperor passes a large portion of his time, and it is there that he receives those who have business with him, but no one except the aide-de-camp on duty, who sleeps in the adjoining room, his valet-de-chambre Walter, whose grandfather long held the same position, his physicians, and Prince Bismarck are ever allowed to enter his bed-chamber.

The imperial household is a frugal one, and few are the grand dinners given. Both Wilhelm and his empress love the company of their kind, but naturally they have very few intimate friends. She is not fond of anything but plain German cooking, but he likes French plats, well made and seasoned. Every winter they give three or four state balls in the old chateau at the end of the avenue facing the museum, about five minutes' walk from the palace in which their majesties live, and not far from the various embassies. It is a very plain-looking four-story building, somewhat in the eighteenth-century style; it is plastered outside, contains about six hundred rooms, two courts, a chapel, and is surrounded by a low dome. The courts are paved with the cobblestones which were the fashion in the days when carriages were much heavier and easier than they are now.

"Can't eat a thing," Hoot's Swampilla is a wonderful medicine for creating an appetite, regulating digestion, and giving strength.

W. L. SCOTT, MEMBER OF CONGRESS.

In the years gone by public men as soon as their duties were finished hurried off to their distant homes, glad to escape the discomforts of Washington. How changed are the habits now. They linger, many of them, about the pleasant avenues and lounge in the lobbies of their comfortable hotels, loth to leave this beautiful city of magnificent distances. Not a few of the members, and nearly all of the Senators, own or rent residences, and stay until the warm weather drives them to the mountain and seashore. To them these quiet months



are, no doubt, the pleasantest of the year. The rush and roar and rattle of Congress is over; society is taking a rest after one of its most brilliant seasons, and the soft, restful atmosphere of a Washington spring acts like a charm on their tired faculties.

Among the well-known members of the last Congress who will spend these delightful months in Washington is William L. Scott, of Pennsylvania. His personal history reads like a page from some old-time romance. To-day at fifty-eight he is the possessor of \$15,000,000, the richest man in Congress and the employer of 10,000 men. Thirty years ago he was a penniless man peddling fish about the streets of Erie. His early life and wanderings make a singular story. He himself knows very little about his birth and the first years of his life. He is the son of a colonel in the regular army, a Virginian by birth and education, though resident in Washington at the time young Scott was born. So that the Pennsylvania Congressman has the unique distinction of being the only member who was born at the capital. Both Colonel Scott and his wife died while their son was yet a mere lad. They were in poor circumstances, and the boy was turned out into the world to shift for himself. The first of his numerous occupations that he can remember was when, early in his teens, he found himself a page in the House of Representatives. He was popular with the members, obliging and polite in his manners, like many of the little fellows are to-day, and made many friends among the Congressmen. Mr. Reed, who then represented the Erie district in the House, took great interest in the bright little fellow, and toward the end of the session he asked him if he wouldn't like to go home with him. Having nowhere else to go when Congress adjourned, Scott complied, and was put to work as shipping clerk on the wharves of his employer, who was at that time one of the principal owners of the now almost vanishing shipping of the great lakes.

For the next few years the youth worked at a number of things: clerked, peddled fish, tramped, and done everything that he could get to do. At last he returned to Erie and commerce, and in 1850, when he was but twenty-three years old, we find him in the coal and shipping business, owning and running several vessels on the great lakes. From this time on the story of Mr. Scott's life is not greatly unlike that of other successful business men. He married well, which is a great thing in itself. His wife is a sister to Frank D. Tracy, who was very prominent in the New York Stock Exchange, and at the time of his death president of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad. By the marriage Mr. Scott got considerable property, but he also got something far more valuable—a good helpful wife, and an introduction into the New York Stock Exchange. Here he became acquainted with Samuel J. Tilden, Mr. Vanderbilt, the elder, and other wealthy magnates of Gotham. They were quick to recognize his ability as a financier and manager, and from this time his upward progress was rapid. He became interested in the manufacture of iron and the mining of coal, as well as the construction and operation of railroads. He owns anthracite mines in his adopted state and bituminous in West Virginia, and as either president or director, he controls over twenty-two thousand miles of railroad, probably the largest number of miles managed by one man in the world. And so the page who lived in Washington has returned after thirty-five years' absence quite differently situated? Well, I should say so. A man of national reputation, the largest coal operator in Western Pennsylvania and the Hocking Valley, a director in half a dozen railroads, president of two or three banks and one of the recognized supporters of the Administration. No one knows exactly how much he is worth, and his friends say that it would puzzle Mr. Scott to tell himself. His fortune has been estimated at \$15,000,000, and it would be more apt to exceed that estimate than to fall under it.—Chicago Herald.

A Gift for All.

In order to give all a chance to test it, and thus be convinced of its wonderful curative powers, Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds, will be for a limited time given away. The offer is not only liberal, but shows unbounded faith in the merits of this great remedy. All who suffer from coughs, colds, consumption, asthma, bronchitis or any affections of the throat, chest or lungs, are especially requested to call at Z. T. Balch's drug store, and get a trial bottle free, large bottles \$1.

Mrs. Hattie Green, the richest woman in America, lately visited Chicago. While she was going over a building that belongs to her, the mayor not knowing her, became suspicious, and she was asked to leave. She was so pleased with the man's vigilance that she named his wages.

C. H. Brenizer's Steam Power horse will be on exhibition here, at Jannell's stable, Saturday, April 1. Farmers, call and see him.

PARIS BULL FIGHT.

NO OBJECTION CAN BE URGED ON THE SCORE OF CRUELTY.

A Performance in Which Bergh Could Find Little to Censure—The Monarch of the Ring as Mild Mannered as a Jersey Milk Cow.

There are to be no more bull fights. The government forbids them. But why? I can't imagine, and I haven't been able to find any one who can tell. The petition for a renewal of the sport was signed by M. Clemenceau and M. Paul de Cassagnac and a great host of public men. But President Grevy said no, and no it is. Certainly the objection cannot be on the score of cruelty. Nothing could be more amiss. I went to the opening performance, and certainly a more innocent show I never saw. There were to be, we were told, real Spanish bulls and real Spanish bull fighters, and it was to be altogether a real Spanish bull fight. Alas, for Spain! The hippodrome was crowded. One-half the spectators were ladies. Wealth and beauty and fashion and aristocracy were there in great force. The arena was arranged in orthodox fashion. The ground was covered with white sand. The posts were draped with crimson cloth. There was a close board fence six feet high all around the outside, separating the arena from the front row of spectators by a space six or seven feet wide, into which the bull fighters could leap for safety when hard pressed by the ferocious beasts.

Thus all things were ready. The fighting men marched in, made the circuit of the arena and saluted the audience. Then there was a blare of trumpets, and the gate of the bull pen was thrown open. Our hearts stood still for a moment with expectation. We looked to see a huge monarch of the plains rush in, with red-rimmed eyes and frothy muzzle, eager and furious for the fray. But not for a space none came. Then there appeared a diminutive bull, surely not more than 2 years old, and small for that age. He came in reluctantly, and we could see the tips of several goods behind him, urging him forward!

SURELY BEWILDERED.

He entered the arena with a sorely bewildered and frightened air, and slowly walked forward to one of the red draped posts. Against this he began rubbing his head and neck, as cattle do against the trees in their pastures. His horns, I noticed, were small, and on the tip of each was fastened, for safety's sake, a metal ball as big as a door knob! Presently he turned and walked toward one of the men, who quickly ran away. The bull looked after him as if puzzled, and then turned toward another. The second man stood his ground until the bull was close to him, and then, after the manner of a circus acrobat, jumped over the animal's back. The bull presently entered into the spirit of the fun, and trotted briskly about from one man to the other, giving each a chance to jump over him. Then he went up to the board fence and, as it was a flimsy structure, soon poked a hole in it and jumped through. There were several men in the safety ring, and when they saw the bull jump in they jumped out in a hurry, and the bull trotted leisurely around until he came to a gate, which some one had opened, and then he went back into the arena.

This operation was gone through twice. Then the men got a lot of red, white and blue rosettes, stuck them to his sides with dabs of glue, and led him away in triumph. This was all there was to the performance, the same play being repeated over and over again with new bulls. There was nothing even approaching danger, and there was nothing half as exciting as the average riding in a circus. High prices were paid for admission to the first show under the idea that there would be something very exciting, but almost every one was disappointed and if the government had not forbidden any more "fights!" I doubt if they would have secured paying patronage.—Paris Cor. Chicago Tribune.

Sugar for Animals.

It appears there is much more nourishment in sugar than has been generally suspected. Recent experiments with animals have shown that sugar can be converted into beef and fat. Sugar has become so cheap in Europe that it has been fed out to cattle quite freely. In one series of experiments it was proved that fifty kilos of sugar increased a single animal's weight nearly sixteen kilos more than if the animal had no sugar. This gives a very handsome profit, and the meat from these animals was found to be of a very superior quality. Five or six pounds of sugar a day was all that an ox would take with zest. Unlike children, the young cattle had but little desire for sweets. Heretofore it has been supposed that sugar was merely heat producing, but it seems, under the subtle chemistry of nature, to be convertible into good flesh and blood. It is, however, no more wonderful than that the honey which the bees extract from flowers can be converted into wax.

How to Glue Woodwork.

Experienced woodworkers have always contended that a glue joint, properly done, is stronger than the wood itself. And yet the experience of amateur workers is that joints often give way at the surface where the glue is used, which is allowed for the bad material. A lack of skill is frequently the true cause. In gluing wood, it is asserted by competent authority, glue work is produced by applying glue to both surfaces; a good job is secured by applying the glue hot, but not extremely so, to one surface, which should be cold, while the other surface should be heated at the stove, but should have no glue upon it. By this method the glue will permeate the wood and bind the surface together firmer than nature binds the fibers.

Price Paid for Food.

A statistician puts the price paid for the food of the people of the United States, one year, at \$5,000,000,000. That would be a little less than \$100 on an average. The army ration costs about twenty cents, and some of the best regulated public institutions of the country supply food for their inmates for less than that.—Public Opinion.

An Old Church.

An old church in Utica, N. Y., which is soon to be torn down belongs to a society which was organized by the Reformed Dutch in 1628 and chartered as a congregation by William III in 1736. The building was erected in 1839, and during its erection a riot arose because the marble was cut by Sing Sing convicts.—Chicago Times.

The legislatures of Illinois, Michigan and Minnesota have memorialized congress, asking for national legislation for the suppression of contagious pleuropneumonia.



The Seven Cuticura Boys

These seven beautiful boys owe their beauty of skin, luxuriance of hair, purity of blood, and freedom from hereditary taint or humors to the celebrated Cuticura Remedies.

Thousands of children are born into the world every day with some eczematous affection, such as milk crust, scall head, scurf or dandruff, sure to develop into an agonizing eczema, the itching, burning and disfigurement of which make life a prolonged torture unless properly treated.

A warm bath with Cuticura soap, an exquisite skin beautifier, and a single application of Cuticura, the great skin cure, with a Little Cuticura Resolvent, the new blood purifier, is often sufficient to arrest the progress of the disease, and point to a speedy and permanent cure.

Your most valuable Cuticura Remedies have done my child so much good that I feel like saying this for the benefit of those who are troubled with skin disease. My little girl was troubled with Eczema, and I tried several doctors and medicines, but did not do her any good until I used the Cuticura Remedies, which speedily cured her, for which I owe you many thanks and many nights of rest.

ASTOR BOSSMUELL, Edinburgh, Ind.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, One Soap, 2c; Resolvent, 5c. Prepared by the Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to cure skin diseases," 64 pages, 20 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

BABY'S skin and scalp preserved and healed by Cuticura Medicated Soap.

Our oldest child, now six years of age, when an infant six months old, was attacked with a virulent, malignant skin disease. All ordinary remedies failing, we called our family physician, who attempted to cure it but it spread with almost incredible rapidity, until all the lower portion of the little fellow's person from the middle of his back down to his knees, was one solid rash, ugly, painful, blotched and malicious. We had no rest at night, no peace by day. Finally, we were advised to try the Cuticura remedies. The effect was simply marvellous. In three or four weeks a complete cure was wrought, leaving the little fellow's person as white and healthy as though he had never been attacked. In my opinion, your valuable remedies saved his life, and to-day he is a strong, healthy child, perfectly well, no repetition of the disease having occurred.

GEORGE B. SMITH.

Atty. at Law and Ex-Pros. Atty., Ashland, O.

Reference: J. G. Weist, Druggist, Ashland, O.

One year ago the Cuticura and Soap cured a little girl in our house of the worst sore head we ever saw, and the Resolvent and Cuticura are now curing a young gentleman of a sore leg, while the physicians are trying to have it amputated. It will save his leg.

S. B. SMITH & BRO., Covington, Ky.

Cuticura Remedies are absolutely pure, and the only infallible skin beautifiers and blood purifiers.

PIMPLES, black heads, chapped and oily skin prevented by Cuticura Medicated Soap.

BABY'S skin and scalp preserved and healed by Cuticura Medicated Soap.

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Fever Remedy,

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FIVE REMEDIES.

Invaluable to Horse Owners in Times which Call for Immediate Action.

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Handsome Coaches For Weddings, Parties and Funerals. A FULL LINE OF Fine Carriages and Buggies. A horse shoeing shop is managed in connection with the stable. Bought and Sold.

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Takes the lead; does not corrode like tin or iron, nor decay like shingles or tar composition; easy to apply; strong and durable; at half the cost of tin. Is also a SUBSTITUTE FOR PLASTER AT HALF THE COST. CARPENTERS and BUILDERS of same material, double the wear of Oil Cloths. Catalogues and samples FREE. W. H. FAY & CO., CAMDEN, N. J.

DEAFNESS Its causes, and a new and successful CURE at your own home by one of the noted specialists without benefit. Cured myself in three months, and since then hundreds of others. Full particulars sent on application. T. S. PAGE, No. 41 West 81st St., New York City.

DYSPEPSIA Its Nature, Causes, Prevention and cure, being the experience of an actual sufferer, by John H. McAlvin, Lowell, Mass., 14 years tax collector. Sent free to any address.

WANTED—WOMAN—Active and intelligent to represent established business in own locality. Permanent position and good salary. References exchanged. Gray Mfg. Co., 16 Barclay Street, New York.

AGENT for DR. SCOTT'S Emulsion of PURE cod liver oil, capsules, etc. No risk, quick sales. Terms given, satisfaction guaranteed. DR. SCOTT, 341 Broadway, N. Y.

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First-class work in all branches of Photography. SOUTH ERIE STREET.

Massillon Independent.

ESTABLISHED IN 1863.
ROBERT P. SKINNER. SAMUEL A. WEIRICH.
PUBLISHED BY

SKINNER & WEIRICH,
Opera House Block,
MASSILLON, OHIO.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
One Year.....\$1.50
Six Months.....1.00
Three Months......50

Contributions on subjects of general and local interest are solicited and the use of the columns of this paper to agitate proper matters is urged. Advertising rates will be furnished upon application.

The Independent's Telephone No. 172.

FRIDAY, APRIL 1, 1887.

Attention, Advertisers!

The best evidence as to the circulation of a newspaper is the testimony of the paper itself, expressed by its appearance. The newspaper whose columns are full of news, which is quoted freely, and talked about much, whether the comment is adverse or favorable, is pretty sure to have a large circulation, and circulation is what advertisers want. The bona-fide circulation of the Independent is rapidly increasing, and it offers advantages to all who use newspaper space, which are fully appreciated by the growing number of patrons.

MASSILLON
has peculiar advantages which make it a desirable point for manufacturers. With coal, stone, iron and clay, practically within the city limits, with natural gas soon to be developed, with four railroads, the Ohio Canal and three express companies they could hardly ask more.

Manufacturers seeking locations will read with interest the following sentence from the report of the City Clerk, presented March 16, 1887. It says: "You will perceive by the foregoing report that we could pay off our total city debt and have left in the treasury the sum of \$9,003.85."

Republican City Ticket.

Treasurer—Jacob W. Foltz.
Marshal—Adam Wendling.
City Solicitor—D. F. Reinohl.
Street Commissioner—George Zielley.

Council—First ward, John Lem; Second, Henry Huber; Third, Henry Williams; Fourth, Joseph Donnelly.
Assessor—First ward, I. S. Crooks; Second, Lincoln Graybill; Third, John Merriman; Fourth, Frederick Hose.

TOWNSHIP TICKET.

Trustee—Adam F. Roof.
Treasurer—Martin Shafer.
Clerk—Louis A. Koons.
Constables—John Shearer, Theodore Chappier.

Assessor—Joseph Miller; Richville precinct, G. W. Moore.
Justice of the Peace—Robert H. Folger.

Vote for George Zielley and good streets.

The last number of the INDEPENDENT was a very great commercial success.

Mr. Blaine may well be annoyed at the effect of the Sherman visit in South. Just what he can do to counteract it, is not clear.

The Massillon dog undertaking establishment under the management of Louis Limbach again craves for the suffrages of the people.

New York has many newspapers but until a month ago it had but one journal. Now it has two, for morning and evening the Sun shines for all.

Mr. Reinohl's name was omitted last week from the Republican ticket. This was indeed a mistake, for the use of it adds strength to what is already strong.

Mr. Sherman so it is said, went south for delegates votes. Mr. Blaine not to be outdone will go west on the outlook for electoral votes. Evidently each one knows just where his own weakness lays.

When people want certain matters made known through the newspapers, they ought to know enough to go to headquarters and make their wishes known. Newspaper men are not necessarily mind-readers.

Even the correspondent of the Canton Democrat is constrained to say of the present council, "more work has been done by this body than any previous council in a number of years." The way to keep this efficient organization is to re-elect Messrs Huber and Williams.

The great point to be made in this city, is to elect the best men. The fact that Mr. Zielley made a phenomenally good street commissioner, is well known. Then why anybody who claims to be a good citizen should have any idea but to elect him is incomprehensible.

No one is better fitted to serve upon the Board of Education than Dr. T. Clarke Miller, and the city will do well to re-elect him. MEM-

bers should be selected who are in sympathy with, and in full knowledge of the modern methods of instruction.

Jealous rivals are attempting to belittle the Findlay real estate movement, which within the last few weeks has reached such gigantic proportions, that it can no more be stayed than the cataract of Niagara. There is something real, to sustain this boom, and while it may not last, it will never burst like a bubble.

Some merchants know how to advertise. More do not. All believe in advertising. Those who know how make it pay, the others do not. Advertisements should be attractively written and timely, like the news columns of a paper. Too many publish an inventory of their entire stock and expect the public to read it every week, for years.

It is not fair to make out John Sherman's Birmingham experience a theatrical episode. As the story goes it is that a delegation of colored men being desirous of waiting upon him at his hotel, was refused admission by the landlord, whereupon Mr. Sherman paid his bill and sought other lodgings, evidently determined that no color line should be drawn between himself and the possible delegates to the next National Republican Convention. Mr. Sherman behaved naturally properly, and Ohio is proud of him.

In one of his last discourses, February 13, Mr. Beecher said:

"A man that should establish in Brooklyn a free library for the common people would be a regenerator of the city; and if he pleased to have his name inscribed, that name could never go below the horizon. He might not see the result; for the visible effect would be nothing as compared with the unseen. The complex effect would appear in generation after generation, and his name would be glorious."

Mr. Beecher could not himself establish a free library in Brooklyn, but there could be no finer or more appropriate memorial of his life and work than such an institution, founded as the result of his suggestion, and called by his name.—*New York World*.

It is worthy to note that Salem, a town of only six thousand, spent \$5,315.24 last year in grading and opening streets and alleys, and keeping up the same. The sum of \$6,991.11 was spent on permanent street improvements. Massillon, about twice as large through its street and alley committee, and street commissioner spent \$6,235.40 in keeping up, grading and opening its high ways, but not one cent was spent for permanent street improvement. Paving brick is now being manufactured in this city; and there is no one who would not like to see the new council negotiate for the permanent improvement of the business portion of the town, at least.

The semi-annual report of the directors and superintendent of the Stark county infirmary show the total number supported in infirmary during six months to be two hundred and seventy-two. The report winds up with the exceedingly sensible remark, "we urge upon the people of Stark county that they visit the infirmary and investigate for themselves and learn if a new infirmary is not needed." The report is not signed by Mr. Putman, who does not deem a new building necessary. It is all very well to invite everybody to visit the infirmary, but it is quite another thing to get them to do it. The directors fully understand this. The directors want a new building.

The recent changes by which all distinction between the white and black races is abolished does not appear to be resulting as satisfactorily in Cincinnati as it ought to either side. The colored schools, maintained there for years must now be abolished and the probability is, that the thirty colored teachers will be compelled to find other means of support. This state of affairs does not please either party, and many go so far as to question whether this is the right time to drop all distinctions. They claim that the new order of things gives the colored people nothing more than than they had, except the poor privilege of attending school with whites, and removes the chances of many of the race to gain a living in the higher walks of life.

They may talk about land speculation in Birmingham and Wichita, but after all old New York, if it is an eastern city, can show greater fortunes made in a shorter time than either bubble like city. In a column article upon the real estate market, the *New York Times* says:

A plat on Ninth avenue, sold less than three years ago for \$5,000 a lot. The purchaser improved it with six houses on five full lots. Stores were put on the street floor and flats above. The houses turned out as good as the average flat house, and the property improved cost within \$60,000. Four of the houses repaid the total outlay at quick sales. The fifth brought \$18,000, which represented the cash yield in profit within a year of the original purchase. Soon afterward the sixth house which is on a corner, brought \$25,000. Thus, within a year and a half an investment of \$60,000 yields \$103,000. The buyer of the corner house wanted a bow window on the side street, and spent \$1,000 for that improvement. He was immediately offered \$35,000 for the house, or a profit of \$3,000 on his investment. He would not sell. That was a year ago. He could easily get \$40,000 for the house now.

Monday is election day in this city, and it is safe to say that never has the first of April approached when there was less interest in the result of the municipal contest. Why this is true is not very clear. On one side we have a ticket authorized by the Republican party, bearing the names of well known men, of whose character and ability there can be no question, whose work will be for the benefit of the whole city. It is a representative ticket, such as few cities are able to produce.

On the other side there is a ticket of pensioners and small politicians, sandwiched between some gentlemen of responsibility and standing. These people, or as many of them as aim to be councilmen, are supported by one element, for the avowed purpose of preventing legislation which would wipe out the saloons. It is not argued that a Republican council will pass a prohibition ordinance, but it is the desire of this class to have a council that is unmistakably friendly toward it.

The brunt of the battle will be upon the make-up of the council, but the result will almost necessarily have its effect upon the candidates for the other offices.

That the city finances be kept in as good shape as at present, that new enterprises may be encouraged, and that competent men get responsible offices, it is absolutely necessary to elect the Republican city and township ticket.

Secretary Paul Field, of the Canton water works permitted himself to say in the *Repository*, "that he had been grossly misrepresented by the Massillon INDEPENDENT. He did not oppose filtration but did oppose the old system which Massillon favored, until the Hyatt filter man visited them and changed their views." If anybody misrepresented Mr. Field it was himself. Said he, in the *Repository*, weeks ago. "I have come to the conclusion that in cities like Canton and Massillon, the filter is not what it is cracked up to be." For the remarks in which these words were included the INDEPENDENT took Mr. Field up, and likewise did the *Sanitary Era*. Naturally the ridicule did not soothe his disposition, and hence the last charge. But it now seems that he has changed his opinion. This is well. Mr. Field is a sensible man. The INDEPENDENT applauds him. As to the "old system" which Massillon favored until the Hyatt man visited them and changed their views, we are in dense ignorance. The Hyatt system has been consistently advocated by this paper ever since the question came up, and long before the visit of the manufacturer's agent. That visit was the result of the agitation of the matter and of a correspondence with people likely to know anything of the practical working of the filter. The fact is, Mr. Field said some very foolish things for a smart man to say, and now that he sees his error wants to blame somebody for manufacturing them.

Massillon's city clerk published his annual report last week. It shows the financial condition of Massillon as most gratifying. There is money enough on hand to pay the total city debt and have left in the treasury the sum of \$9,003.85. —*Wayne County Democrat*.

TREMENDOUS SLAUGHTER

SALE OF THE BALANCE OF

Watkins' Dry Goods and Notions.

Only two weeks more of the great sale. Everything has been cut down regardless of value, and now is the time to obtain bargains

In dress goods, silks, prints, muslins, shirtings, table linen, cassimeres, flannels, hosiery, gloves, corsets, underwear, laces, buttons, lace curtains, embroideries, etc., etc.

This is your last chance to buy goods at less than wholesale prices. Call and examine the great bargains we offer for a short time. Respectfully,

A. L. WATKINS & CO.,
Dry Goods and Notions.

No. 20 East Main St., - - - - - Massillon, O.

TABLE OF TAX RATES.

What Different Ohio Cities Pay.

The INDEPENDENT is indebted to the Wooster Democrat for the use of the following table:

Lima.....	37.7	Hamilton.....	26.8
Salem.....	31.9	Delaware.....	31.1
Sandusky.....	32.2	Findlay.....	37.6
Washington C.H.....	28.5	Konow.....	32.2
Norwalk.....	26.9	Newark.....	21.2
Troy.....	32.0	Bellefontaine.....	26.1
Youngstown.....	35.0	Plum.....	28.5
Zanesville.....	24.7	Tiffin.....	37.8
Mansfield.....	26.3	Canton.....	26.0
Fremont.....	25.5	Massillon.....	26.0
Wooster.....	31.9	Akron.....	37.8
Bellare.....	23.5	Portsmouth.....	38.8
Urbana.....	22.2	Mr. Vernon.....	25.3
Sidney.....	27.1	Laurens.....	25.5
Xenia.....	31.9	Steubenville.....	31.2
Chillicothe.....	21.0	London.....	26.5
Calion.....	29.7	Moretta.....	26.8
Warren.....	25.9	Van Wert.....	31.3

Mr. Edmunds should remember that while it is understood that he is quite agreed with the Mugwumps in their estimate of the Republican candidate in 1884, his failure to exercise the right of private judgment at the polls deprives him of the privilege of becoming the spokesman of those men of equal honesty and greater courage who voted for Cleveland.—*N. Y. Times*.

It is a painful thought that the Indiana Legislature adjourned without paying the chaplain, though it must be admitted that he seems to have earned his money praying for a hard lot.—*San Francisco Alta*.

"I have no regard for a man who takes no interest in politics—he is false to his duty. I like to hear of a caucus or a school meeting where the refined and intelligent citizen is found."—*Senator Hawley*.

THE WEEK BEFORE

Spring Candidates and the Local Issues.

This is the week before the spring election, an election the importance of which is oft conceded but seldom heeded. Probably one-half the total vote will be polled. The other half do not care to vote, but will distinguish themselves by their ability to kick after every thing is settled. The reader can draw his own conclusion from the surface remarks that follow.

Mr. George Scheer, a Tennon, a saloon keeper, and the incarnation of innocence, who voted the Democratic ticket when first naturalized because some one told him to, and kept on voting it thereafter, remarked not long ago that the saloon keepers would see about this election. That they knew what they were doing, and so forth and so on. Mr. Scheer, like all the rest of them, has some fear that a prohibition ordinance will be passed by the next Council, if it is a Republican body, and is giving his best efforts to the other side, taking it as a matter of course that his interests will be closely watched by a body of Democratic complexion.

Mr. Louis Limbach is working—the saloons. Down in a barber shop on Monday night, one of the artists remarked how well he had been enjoying Mr. Limbach's society, how the glasses clinked, and how amiably the dog undertaker conversed. This little speech was followed by a string of reminiscences of a similar nature. Thus Mr. Limbach conducts his campaign.

Mr. Tom Myers, Jr., of the fourth ward is the Democratic candidate for marshal. It is an act of kindness to thus mention this fact, as most people have forgotten it. Shortly after election day Mr. Myers' name will be swallowed up in the gulf of oblivion.

The Republican candidates for the council are keeping a dignified silence. Their competitors are scrambling for votes. Neither Mr. Huber nor Mr. Williams desired a renomination for an office which has entailed nothing but unrequited labor. They did their duty, and since they are again upon the ticket probably feel that their friends all over the city who have insisted upon using their names, ought to see to all the work. On the other side the saloon keepers are laboring with all their might.

With a "yours for Democracy" far-

well, Michael Bar has withdrawn from the race for township clerk, preferring that John List should be beaten, rather than himself, by Louis A. Koons, the Republican candidate, who not only knows how to be elected but how to be township clerk after election.

The Death of Mrs. Knapp.

Mrs. Harriet Knapp, the very oldest resident of Massillon, died on Sunday noon, March 27, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. David Atwater, at the age of seventy-three. The funeral took place on Tuesday afternoon.

The greater part of Mrs. Knapp's long life had been spent in this city and with her death, another is gone of the few, who witnessed the development of Massillon from its birth, almost to the present time. Soon it will be that the story of the Wheat City will have to be heard from a generation that knows only what it has heard, for as the years roll around the builders of the town are dropping off, and only a pleasant memory remains.

Mrs. Knapp was intimately connected with many of the most prominent families of the city, and she has left behind her three daughters and two sons in the persons of Mrs. David Atwater, Mrs. John R. Dangler, Miss Frances Knapp, General Wm. A. Knapp, and Mr. S. M. Knapp.

BY RAIL TO THE OXUS.

Trade by Way of the Trans-Caspian Railroad—A Romantic Chapter.

The poets of Asia have sung for centuries of the beauty and fruitfulness of the Zarafshan valley. The fact that the environs of Samarcand, Bokhara, and Khiva are among the most fertile in the world has counted for little in their development, for almost pathless deserts separate them from the lands that would gladly buy their produce. Steam cars, however, have come at last to supersede the costly camel caravans that, since the czar overpowered the Khanates, have often been sent to the Russian frontier.

When it was announced a few weeks ago that the Trans-Caspian railroad had reached the Amu-Daria at Chardjini, the telegraph from Khiva and Bokhara at once reported that a number of caravans were loading with silks, leather, furs, carpets and wool, which they would take to Chardjini en route for Europe. Mr. Lansdell told us two years ago that central Asian cotton was of fine quality and could be raised in enormous quantities. It now appears that as soon as it was positively known that the railroad would be advanced to the Amu-Daria the planting of cotton in Bokhara was very sensibly augmented. Thus the pulse beats of western commerce are beginning to be felt in the remote regions of the Mohammedan world, revivifying countries long dormant in the age of Alexander the Great were the seat of an advanced and powerful civilization.

The ruins still exist of those great canals that centuries ago led the waters of the Murgab throughout the Merv oasis, fertilizing the soil and fitting it to be the abiding place of a large and flourishing population. Since the railroad reached Merv the Turcomans there have begun the work of clearing out and restoring these old works of irrigation, and the day is rapidly coming when ancient Merv will lose the sad and arid aspect that now predominates in all its borders. The railroad that Gen. Annenkov pushed forward through billows of sand and a treeless desert will be the means of restoring to Merv the verdure and fertility she once possessed.

The history of this railroad enterprise which is kindling the spirit of the western world amid the ruins of a dead civilization of the far east, is destined to make one of the most interesting and romantic chapters in the story of modern progress.—*New York Sun*.

Rye as a Soiling Crop.

Results from experiments conducted at the Pennsylvania State College of Agricultural grounds, in relation to the value of rye as a soiling crop for soiling, make it appear: 1. That so far as the chemical analysis can determine, soiling rye is much inferior to pasture grass as an exclusive feed. 2. Fed with some nitrogenous substance, as malt sprouts, oil cake, etc., it may in many instances be more profitable on account of its much greater yield. 3. Quite old soiling rye closely resembles the mean of first and second crop hay in composition, but is juicier, and has a yield which is greater by one-half. 4. High mowing produces a crop of better nutritive quality, and in very much greater quantity, and no distinction was shown by the cattle fed against the rauer growth.

Spangler & Wade sell the revolving roller trunk, the best in the world.

The largest and finest line of Valises in the city at Spangler & Wade's.

Hard Drinking in High Society.

The hard drinking that is indulged in in high society must be something quite huge. I have not been to the opera this season without finding the boxes dotted with young men whose condition ran the gamut from babbling foolishness to stupid sleepiness. The lobby, between the acts, would be full of them, zigzagging to and from "the cooler," as they facetiously term the barroom. The contingent that society sends to the big balls is by far the most riotous that you can find there, and I hear of a number of scandalous exhibitions of inebriety at private balls and parties. On one occasion, especially, two prominent youngsters, who reeled into a hall at Delmonico's, were ejected by the floor committee. On another a dinner party at a dude club resulted sadly to the marring of the walls of the dining room by the edibles, which the merry roysterers converted into missiles in the exuberance of their vinous humor.

Nor is it the sterner sex alone that claims the attention of the Blue Ribbon League. The number of society women who look upon the champagne when it bubbles is apparently on the increase. There is bubble after every entertainment of Miss X's or Mrs. Y's open devotion to the cup, and stories are rife at the clubs of the indiscretions into which their appetites betray certain belles in the charmed circle of upper tennism. There is an extraordinary amount of drinking done at the places popular for ladies' lunches, and most of the swell milliners, I am assured, provide liberally against the thirst of their patrons.—*Alfred Trumble in New York News*.

Chinese Theatre Orchestra.

The orchestra is usually composed of seven musicians, who sit at the back of the stage and play without much intermission from the beginning to the end of the performance. The leading instruments are the fiddle, the cymbals, the gong and the drum. The fiddle tyrannizes over the rest of the music, and rises superior even to the clash of the cymbals. It has only a single string, and the notes evolved from it pierce the ear like a knife. The man that performs upon the fiddle alternates with the cymbals, while his next neighbor beats, in rhythmic measure, on a huge brazen gong, which is pendent from the ceiling. The other performers play upon drums one of metal and the other of polished wood. The music is said to bear a striking resemblance to that of the Egyptians. It is all in the minor key, and from a distance it has a weird and melancholy sound. Heard near at hand, however, it has a tendency to produce headache and to rasp the nerves.—*George H. Fitch in The Cosmopolitan*.

The Barroom Dog.

The barroom dog that drinks beer is quite a common curiosity. So much so indeed that it is no longer a curiosity to the romancers. I remember once going into the bowels of the East side to see a Newfoundland dog that belonged to a barroom and drank beer and spirits with any one who treated it. It was a sad dog, as I remember it. Its eyes were bilious, and it had a listless gait and a depressed air. Dissipation had evidently told upon it. Since that time I have got to know dogs large, small and medium, all of which are addicted to their pots, and I enjoy the honor of acquaintanceship with a Bowery dog that will, its owner assures me, drink a keg of beer if any one will find the keg. When a dog falls into ways of dissipation, I am told, it becomes more completely and hopelessly abandoned than any animal except man himself, and from what I have myself seen I am inclined to believe that this is the fact.—*Alfred Trumble in New York News*.

Exactly 100 lives have been lost so far in the construction of the new Croton aqueduct near New York city.



The importance of purifying the blood cannot be overestimated, for without pure blood you cannot enjoy good health. At this season nearly every one needs a good medicine to purify, vitalize, and enrich the blood, and Hood's Sarsaparilla is worthy your confidence. It is peculiar in that it strengthens and builds up the system, creates an appetite, and tones the digestion, while it eradicates disease. Give it a trial. Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Discovered this Week by Independent Investigators.

Miss Flora Holtzbach died on Saturday last at the age of fifteen.

The *INDEPENDENT's* circulation is booming, make a note of this.

W. H. McCall & Co.'s drug store has been connected with the telephone exchange.

The subject of the sermon at the U. B. church next Sunday evening will be "Joseph's Success."

The ladies' aid society will meet in the parlors of the M. E. church Thursday afternoon, April 7.

Agent Strobel, of the Erie Express says that he did twice as much business in March as in February.

The village of Salem spent \$21,666.20 in its fiscal year, Alliance spent \$24,225, Massillon spent \$30,870.58, and Canton \$79,686.93.

Mr. E. E. Curry, of Bethany College, W. Va., will fill the pulpit at the Christian church next Sunday, both morning and evening.

The Steubenville people, through their board of trade, are trying to get the Wheeling & Lake Erie Company to extend the road to that city.

Russell & Co. will somewhat revise the scale of prices to moulders, this being the request made by the men employed in that department.

Next week's *INDEPENDENT* will contain the full text of the Interstate Commerce Act. Orders for extra copies should be sent in as soon as possible.

The ladies' dime social of the M. E. church will meet at Mrs. Jas. Hackett's on Tremont street, Thursday evening, April 7. Refreshments will be served.

A queer sort of cold with swelled eyelids and sore throat attachments is annoying a great many people in this city just now, and amounts almost to an epidemic.

Herman Boli, an estimable young man and a former employee of Diehlmann Brothers, died in New York last week. The remains were brought to Massillon for burial.

The Erie Express Company expects to control the business on the Chicago & Atlantic railway after the middle of April. The United States now has this line.

Detective Dangleisen has brought Jacob Gerstemeier back from Springfield, he being charged with bastardy by Eleanor Wible. He has been bound over to court by Justice Folger.

It has very recently been decided by the agreement of all persons concerned that Mr. Ira M. Allen will remain in charge of the Charity School farm for one year. None of the other plans of the board will be changed.

An alarm of fire was sent in on Thursday noon from the residence of Mrs. A. C. Wales, north of the city. It was put out by hand before the engine could get up the hill. The roof caught from the chimney, and a small hole was burned.

Probably the old fence in front of the North street high school is retained for the sake of its old associations, for the generation has long since passed away that first sat upon it or whittled its soft pine boards. It is certainly not kept for its good looks.

The Central Union Telephone Company is about to do what it ought to have done long ago—give Massillon better Cleveland connections. This will be done by building a copper line between Canal Fulton and Akron. This will greatly relieve the over-burdened Canton and Massillon wires. A toll line from Massillon to Mansfield, without intermediate stations, will also be put up this spring.

Mr. George L. Russell furnishes an agricultural item which proves the assertion made in a article upon Ohio wool which recently appeared in this paper to the effect that Stark county farmers were paying too little attention to what can be made a very profitable branch of the business. Mr. Russell owns a farm near Lodi, and upon it he keeps six Cotswold sheep. This spring they produced fifteen lambs, each one bearing twins or triplets. Last year these same sheep gave birth to twelve lambs.

Prof. Will Willie, the Southern fire eater, who came into Stark county to crush ambition out of any who should be so bold as to wrestle with him, and who, in every case was unmercifully thrashed himself, is now accused of being a fraud as well as a beat. It has been proved that Palmetto Lodge No. 9, in which he claims membership, never existed, and that he has repeatedly attempted, sometimes successfully, to borrow money from Masons on the strength of his pretended connection with the order.

John Reese, of Minerva, came to Massillon on Wednesday, for the purpose of obtaining possession of his little thirteen-year-old daughter, who is staying with her mother in this city. The husband and wife had parted for reasons best known to themselves. Reese believed his daughter to be not in the best of hands, and charged her with petit larceny for the purpose of securing control of her. After some persuasion she agreed to go with him, and the two left for Minerva.

Miss Floy Crowell a very pleasing young actress, supported by a good com-

pany, has been presenting standard plays this week, to much poorer houses than the excellence of the productions deserved. Mr. S. K. Chester the leading man assumes many different and trying roles with equal success, and C. Ed. Dudley, the comedian, makes people laugh, although his contortions are rather extravagant, at times. The comedies way for Gilmore to-night, but returns on Saturday, and will appear afternoon and evening.

Professor Oscar Pigner, who built the Harmonia Band from an obscure organization, into a finely disciplined body of musicians, threatens to leave Massillon, having been offered a very desirable position in the leading orchestra of a larger city. Prof. Pigner's invaluable service in educating this community in musical matters are too well understood to require comment. To lose him would be a calamity to be averted if a possible thing. This can be done. The number of engagements the band and orchestras of this city can possibly secure is too small to give the members a livelihood without some other trade or business. Most of the members of the Harmonia are fortunate in having good situations, and are glad to give up their time and labor for the love of music. But with Prof. Pigner it is different. He is a cultivated German musician, having played in many of the famous orchestras and military bands of Europe, in which the compensation was liberal. By what he considers an error of judgment he came to America, followed friends, and found himself in Massillon. Without any trade, and without opportunities to play, or even a good organization in which to play, it became necessary to go to work. And to work he went. To him, music was a part of life, so his evenings were devoted to training the Harmonia band in whose success everybody takes great satisfaction. He works until nearly every midnight instructing the band or giving lessons on the many instruments of which he is master, rises at five to study or arrange music himself, and then goes to work. He is a very proficient player upon the clarinet, and his daily duties, to which he does not object in themselves, have an effect upon his hands that is gradually lessening his skill as a performer. Realizing this, and though much attached to his Ohio home, he has negotiated for a situation as a professional musician. The thing to do to keep him here, where he is wanted and needed, is to form a list of honorary members of the band, or arrange a subscription for a series of open air concerts, so that the business manager of the organization can offer them leader a salary. A number of gentlemen have volunteered some such assistance, and enough should be forthcoming to not only give the band permanency, but to make it possible to continue its progress.

PERSONALITIES.

The Matters that Agitate the Society World.

Mrs. Eugene Anderson is visiting in Cleveland.

Hiram Jackson, with his family, will make Akron his future home.

Thomas Patterson has moved from Crystal Springs to Massillon.

Miss Fisher, of Doylestown, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. E. Tinkler.

Miss Edith Frederick, of Canton, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Weirich.

Misses Mattie McLain and Mattie Russell have come home to spend the Easter vacation.

Mrs. Nathan Clutz and her niece, Miss Nellie Jones, are visiting friends and relatives in Akron.

Mr. John R. Dangler has returned from Wichita, Kan., where he has made several investments.

Miss Jennie Graham, formerly of this city, is now visiting Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Hisey, Wellman street.

The marriage of Mr. S. S. Evans, of Beach City, to Miss Mary A. Owens, of Justus, took place in the U. B. parsonage last week.

A. Theodore Luca, representing the Cleveland *Gazette*, an organ of the colored races, is in the city, the guest of Lewis Myers.

Mr. H. E. Frost of New Lisbon, a son of the late John Frost, the founder of this newspaper, was in this city on Thursday.

The Canton *Repository* says: Miss Clara Manchester has returned home after several weeks' visit in Massillon, accompanied by her cousin, Miss Bertha Seaman, of that place.

The Patti concert in Cleveland Monday night has been the most talked about event in Northern Ohio this week. Among those from Massillon who were present were Mrs. Barrick, Misses Hunt, Wales and Russell, Mr. S. Hunt and Judge Pease.

Eastern exchanges inform us that Commander Folger has been ordered by the Secretary of the Navy to proceed to the Mediterranean and take command of the Quinnebaug, third rate, about one thousand tons, as we learn by the Navy Register. For a year past Mr. Folger has been in the Ordnance Bureau at Washington, and for three years previous to being there was in command of the proving grounds at Annapolis. Commander Folger will sail on the ocean steamer of the North German Lloyd's that sails from New York to-morrow.

TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS

PETER ALLEN ASKS THE CITY TO PAY FOR DAMAGES.

Incurred on a Street in Bad Repair—The Fire Engines Offered for Sale.

Neither Mr. Lighley nor Mr. Snyder were present at the council meeting on Wednesday night. Mr. Rink's appearance was heartily greeted, as the news had just been told that he had concluded to remain in the city wherein he has been exalted to such a high official position and had closed out his Canton business.

Street Commissioner's reports for the week's ending March 19 and 26, amounting respectively to \$12.50 and \$23.25 were referred. The reports for the weeks ending March 5th and 12th, amounting to \$3.75 and \$24.30 were ordered credited to his account.

A receipt for \$25.00 was read, for rent for the use of the pest house.

The following interesting communication was read:

The undersigned respectfully represents that on and for a long time prior to December 25, 1886, the city of Massillon carelessly and negligently permitted a part of West Tremont street in said city, at a point fifty feet west of the Ohio canal, to be out of repair, in this, that said city permitted the Massillon Water Company to dig a trench on said Tremont street for its pipes, and, after filling said trench twelve or fifteen inches above the level of the street, causing a high ridge along a line near the center of said street, with which said ridge the carriage of the undersigned, being driven along said street, came in contact, and was without his fault overturned, and the undersigned was violently thrown on the ground and against the curbing, and sustained serious permanent injuries, for which he asks damages in the sum of two thousand dollars.

PETER ALLEN.

By R. W. McCauley, his Attorney.

On motion of Mr. Williams the matter was referred to the city solicitor. The Water Company, by the terms of its contract, is bound to protect the city from all such claims.

On motion of Mr. Williams the city clerk was instructed to communicate with the Orrville authorities and describe to them Steamer No. 1, which is now for sale, the city being amply protected from fire by the new and powerful water works.

Mr. Huber's fears were aroused lest some small boy should fall from the standpipe. Mr. Williams said that every effort had been made to barricade the steps, but without success. He said the only way to keep people off would be to remove the first fifteen feet of stairs. The subject was dropped.

Mr. Volkmer, not to be outdone by Mr. Williams, moved that the "Vigilant" fire engine, a relic of antiquity, now being tenderly cared for in the fourth ward, be also advertised for sale. Mr. Williams thought it should be kept for tournaments, but in the interests of economy Mr. Volkmer's motion carried.

BILLS PAID.

Joseph Franz	\$125.00
J. A. White	25.00
J. W. Fritz	50.00
A. Wendling	200.00
E. G. Willison	75.00
T. Hagen	50.00
J. C. Pepper	50.00
M. Blass	50.00
G. Majer	50.00
L. Zeller	50.00
C. M. Richardson	45.00
C. Baatz	40.00
John Madler's estate	10.00
M. Buehmann	11.15
Hofwils Coal Co.	11.15
Knapp & Dill	4.51
Skinner & Weirich	25.50

AMUSEMENTS.

The following is the musical feast to be given by the Gilmore band at the after-noon concert, Friday, April 1, commencing at 2:15 o'clock. The program for the evening concert was published last week.

Overture.
"Semiramide,".....Rossini
Since the day it was written "Semiramide" has ever been the most popular of Rossini's overtures, excepting "William Tell." Following a short introduction somewhat of imitative of the approach of cavalry, there comes a beautiful Quartette for French Horns. The allegro is very pleasing and works up to a grand and inspiring finale.
Caprice for Clarinet.
"The Belle of St. Louis,".....Stockigt
Performed by the Author, Herr Stockigt.

Grand Fantasia......Salcedo
On Gilmore's National Anthem, "Columbia," introducing variations for Clarinet, French Horn, Oboe, Trombone, Saxophone, and Tuba, ending with a figured passage for Trombones and Basses in unison.

Fantaisie for Euphonium......Hartmann
On an Original Theme.....Hartmann

Nocturne Religieuse......Wely
Gilmore's Band.

It is very easy to include in a programme, more modern and less familiar repertoire than the above, but it is also difficult to find a gem more welcome, or one that is listened to with greater pleasure by the general public, than "Monastery Bells."

Spanish Waltz......Metra
Sung by Miss Letitia Frith.

Solo for Piccolo.
Variations on the Popular Air, "Come Back to Erin,".....Norrito

Siguer de Carlo.
The Piccolo is the smallest of all instruments in the Orchestra or Band. Not a bird in the forest can warble or trill with greater ease or naturalness than the artist Siguer de Carlo, who has thoroughly mastered this musical mite, and stands in the front line with his brother soloists of the band.

Grand Selection.
Airs de Ballet, from "Le Prophete,".....Meyerbeer
Gilmore's Band.

Saxophone Solo.
Fantasia on "The Heart Bowed Down," from the Bohemian Girl.....Balle

Mr. E. A. Lefebvre.
The Saxophone is comparatively a modern instrument. Mr. Lefebvre was the first performer to bring it into prominent notice in France, Holland, Belgium, England and Germany, where he stood, and now stands without a rival. He was also the first to introduce it in this country where the Saxophone and its variousophone players, but as yet no one has arrived at or near the point of excellence which he has attained.

Grand Popular Selection.
"Rose, Shamrock and Thistle,".....Bachens
Introducing the most popular songs, marches, dances and other compositions of England, Ireland and Scotland, and closing with a powerful and harmonious blending of "Garryowen," "Tullachgarrum," and "God Save the Queen," all

three going on at the same time to the grand finale.

Musical Director.....P. S. Gilmore

"Gilmore" is on every tongue this week, and judging by the profound pleasure with which his coming is awaited, life will be a dreary blank after his departure. The evening diagrams looked as though they had gone through a dozen was last week, and to day nearly every seat is sold, orchestra, and gallery. The seats in the orchestra are being placed closer together, and those who expect to chance it, will get chairs in the space in front of the stage. The aisles will be kept perfectly clear. The afternoon concert which was arranged for, only a day or two ago, promises to attract large audiences, as it certainly ought. The prices are somewhat lower, and the program is just as good. All the railroads have been advertising special trains and excursion rates for a week past, and the consequence is that many hundreds will be here from out of town. New Philadelphia has thirty seats, Navarre thirty, Dalton twenty-five, Zoar thirty, Canal Fulton forty, and Canton and Wooster more or less. So great is the interest manifested in the coming of this superb organization, both as a social and artistic event, that it partakes of the nature of a festival. Mr. Gilmore will visit Massillon annually hereafter.

Mr. Lawrence Barnett is credited with having said:

Mr. Booth and myself will start out in September together, and will cover nearly the whole country, playing "Julius Caesar," "Othello," "Macbeth," "Lear," "Hamlet," and the "Merchant of Venice," and bringing to each appearance scenery, costumes and other accessories of as complete and accurate a character as possible. Mr. Booth as always, will play Brutus and myself Cassius. The roles of Othello and Iago will be alternated between us. I shall play Macbeth, Edgar to his Lear, and the Ghost to his Hamlet. I shall not appear in "The Merchant of Venice," and a double bill will be made, embracing "The King's Pleasure" as an afterpiece, in which I appear. Our first appearance together will be at Buffalo, early in the season, but the first lengthy engagement which we shall fill will be that of three weeks in Chicago after leaving Buffalo.

The Rev. Joseph Cook, the famous Boston lecturer, will close the U. C. D. course next Tuesday evening, April 5. His subject will be, "Law and Labor, Property and Poverty." Joseph Cook is recognized as one of the ablest men in the country, and his engagement more than that of any other one man, made the course project a success. It is expected that a great many people from the near by towns will take advantage of this opportunity to hear him.

"We have never heard an orchestra," says the *Dublin News Letter*, "military or otherwise, that can at all compare with Gilmore's American band. It is the first military band in the world."

The Devils Auction, a "spectacular play," will soon be presented in this city.

The Bennett opera company will soon give two nights of light opera.

Mayor Frantz and the Office of Justice of the Peace.

The mayor of this city is getting him self into rather an unenviable situation in his struggle for official preferment. Last spring he "gave out in speeches" that he could not support himself and pay office rent out of the office of justice of the peace, or "squire," as he put it in his conversations on this subject, so he declined being a candidate for re-election to that office, and Mr. Rogers was elected and now worthily holds the office. Frantz, however, concluded he would enter the lists for mayor, got the nomination of his party, and was elected over John H. Williams, the Republican nominee. The salary of the mayor is five hundred dollars, payable quarterly, and all the perquisites growing out of the business that may go before him. Frantz is now a candidate for justice of the peace in opposition to Mr. Folger, who has held the office for three years, and the reason he gives for being a candidate is certainly original. He says he is not at all sure of a re-election next spring to the office of Mayor, and must have the office of "squire" to fall back upon. He certainly shows due diligence in starting out one year in advance. Three years ago when Mr. Folger was nominated, it was urged upon him in the Republican caucus to take a nomination for mayor as well as for justice of the peace. Mr. Folger, in reply to the numerous suggestions, said he had permitted his name be used as a candidate for justice and would not permit his name to be used for both offices. He was nominated and elected, and Hon. S. C. Bowman was nominated and elected mayor. Last spring Frantz got into the office by Republican votes, as everybody knows. His fears as to a re-election next spring are not groundless. What claims has he now to the office of justice of the peace? He has a stated salary of five hundred dollars and all costs. Is the Democratic party so short of good men that it must give two offices, both judicial in the nature of their duties, to one man? We want an answer at the polls next Monday. The contest for justice of the peace is between Mayor Frantz and Mr. Folger. We call upon the Republicans of the city and township to come out and instruct his honor, Mayor Frantz, that the offices belong to the people and are not to be disposed of a year in advance for the purpose of anticipating the possible necessities of anybody for whose possible needs there is a statutory remedy.

The Knox Hat takes the lead. On sale at Spangler & Wade's.

COLEMAN, THE RELIABLE JEWELER, HAS AN IMMENSE STOCK OF OPTICAL GOODS,

Spectacles and Eye-Glasses in Gold, Silver, Steel, Rubber Shell and Zylomite Frames.
WE CAN SUIT YOU.

Prices Lower than the Lowest.
Diamonds, Watches, Silverware, Jewelry, clocks, Gold Pens Musical Instruments, Etc.

COLEMAN'S, 5 Erie Street.
OPERA HOUSE!

Except Friday Night, for One Week and Saturday Matinee, Commencing Monday, March 28th.

Engagement of the Brilliant Young Artists.

FLOY CROWELL,

Supported by the eminent actor, S. K. CHASTER and a company of unexcelled strength, opening Monday evening in the Great Comical Sensation,

ZEPPA,

THE CHILD OF THE MINE.
Tuesday.....Guilty or Not Guilty. Saturday Matinee.....Fanchon.
Wednesday.....Her Sacrifice. Saturday Night.....Oliver Twist.
Thursday.....Sentenced to Death.

Admission, 10, 20 and 30 Cents.

Reserved seats without extra charge at J. V. R. Skinner's Book Store.

G. W. CROWELL, Business Manager. H. J. CLAPHAM, Manager.

BUCHER'S OPERA HOUSE!
Friday Evening, April 1st.
EXTRA! EXTRA!

Gilmore and his incomparable band will give an afternoon concert beginning at 2:15. Secure seats at once.

Real Estate Transfers.
For the week ending March 20, 1887, reported for the *INDEPENDENT* by H. H. Trump, abstractor of titles.

Sheriff of Stark county to Margaret Sweeney, 227 acres in Pike township, \$8,234.

John M. Harrison to R. E. Hudson, No. 120 Lamborne's addition to Alliance, \$100.

W. J. Hermony et al to R. E. Hudson, No. 115 Lamborne's addition to Alliance, \$100.

Daniel Hoover guardian of all to Jos. Wackerly, 2 1/2 acres in Plain township, \$4,000.

Sarah A. Dennis to Chas. Fogel, No. 1212 Massillon, \$200.

Wm. Ramsey to P. C. Ramsey, part of lot No. 13 Minerva, \$1,000.

A. L. Brothers to Wm. T. Robinson, No. 47 Minerva, \$1,000.

M. D. Harter et al to Jos. Donnelly, part of lot 18 Kendall, \$800.

Isaac McCannion to Jno. H. Prince, eight and two one hundredths acres in Lake township, \$900.

Lewis Grange et al to Josephine Thurlin, No. 59 and 60, Louisville, \$1,700.

J. A. Zang to L. G. Colleton, No. 8 and 9 Hester's addition to Alliance, \$2,500.

Daniel Ur-hel to Geo. Buchtel, two and three one-hundredths acres in Beth lehem township, \$260.

Martin Wertenberger to Susanna Wertenberger, 46 acres in Marlboro township, \$2,431.

Wm. and J. D. Stallcup, exrs. to Luther W. Ballard, No. 43, 32 and 12 in T. L. and Co's addition to Alliance, \$2,000.

H. R. Rohrer, to Paul Jones, part of out lot 121 Canton, \$950.

Z. T. Shoemaker to W. T. McCollum, part of lot No. 81 W. F. & B. plat in Massillon, \$1,050.

Wm. F. Wertz to B. Staver, 8 acres in Lawrence township, \$1,700.

Chas. F. Newstetter to B. Staver, 5 acres in Lawrence township, \$500.

The fine trotting bred stallions (Long's Hiogo) and (Brown Chief) will make the season of 1887, as follows on Monday and Tuesday at New Berlin, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday of each week at Wm. Sinnock's stables in Massillon during the season. Hiogo is a fine bay, no white, weighs 1,300 pounds. Brown Chief is a dark brown, weighs 1,075 pounds. For pedigree and terms see bills.

Geo. ZIMMEL.

The Latest in Collars, Cuffs and neckwear to Spangler & Wade's.

WANTED.

WANTED—A furnished room. Address, Lock Box 151.

WANTED—A first-class canvasser, male or female. Apply at this office.

CANVASSERS WANTED—AGENTS ARE MAKING \$1 to \$5 per day selling our Patent Extension Step Ladders. Territory going fast. Address or call on CHESTNUT HAY RAKE Co., Box 207, Canton, O.

FOR RENT.

House of eight rooms, cellar, summer kitchen and barn. No. 101 East Tremont street. Occupation given April 1. Apply to A. T. Skinner.

FINEST ROOMED HOUSE on East Oak St. In excellent location. Inquire of Jas. R. Dunn.

FOR RENT—STORE ROOM AND HOUSE. Seven rooms, and good stable, for sale or rent. On Market Street, Main street. Apply at *INDEPENDENT* office.

Announcement.

Please announce George W. Moore as a candidate for Assessor of Richville precinct, on the Republican ticket.

Spangler & Wade make a specialty of Hats, Caps and Furnishing Goods, and can sell them at what other dealers pay for them.

But a few days more for the great closing sale of dry goods at A. L. Watkins & Co. 20, E. Main Street. Those wishing bargains should call at once. Everything must be closed out.

Our Carpet Stock

COMMANDS YOUR

ATTENTION!

Now is the time you want to buy!

What you all want is to find the

Choicest Styles and

Lowest Prices.

You can surely be suited by going to

RICKS' STORE,

MAIN STREET.

J. V. R. SKINNER,

Wall Paper!

New Spring Styles.

We have a special line of

Elegant Bronze Paper.

For 25c per Roll.

These are not old patterns, but fresh

NEW GOODS. Call and

see them.

Dado Shades, best quality of oil cloth

mounted on a

Hartshorn Spring Rollers

SNOW BOUND AT EAGLE'S

BY BRET HARTE.

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CHAPTER VIII.

Kate was stirring early, but not as early as her sister, who met her on the threshold of her room. Her face was quite pale, and she held a letter in her hand. "What does this mean, Kate?"

"What is the matter?" asked Kate, her own color fading from her cheek.

"They are gone—with their horses. Left before day, and left this."

She handed Kate an open letter. The girl took it hurriedly, and read:

"When you get this we shall be no more; perhaps not even as much. Ned found the trail yesterday, and we are taking the first advantage of it before day. We dared not trust ourselves to say 'Good-by' last evening; we were too cowardly to face you this morning; we must go as we came, without warning, but not without regret. We leave a package and a letter for your husband. It is not only our poor return for your gentleness and hospitality, but, since it was accidentally the means of giving us the pleasure of your society, we beg you to keep it in safety until his return. We kiss your mother's hands. Ned wants to say something more, but time presses, and I only allow him to send his love to Minnie, and to tell her that he is trying to find the red snow."

"George Lee?"

"But he is not fit to travel," said Mrs. Hale. "And the trail—it may not be passable."

"It was possible the day before yesterday," said Kate bravely. "I discovered it, and went as far as the back-eyes."

"Then it was you who told them about it," said Mrs. Hale reproachfully.

"No," said Kate indignantly. "Of course I didn't." She stopped, and, reading the significance of her speech in the glancing eyes of her sister, she blushed. Josephine kissed her and said:

"It was treating us like children, Kate. But we must make them pay for it hereafter. For that package and letter to John means something, and we shall probably see them before long. I wonder what the letter is about, and what is in the package?"

"Probably one of Mr. Lee's jokes. He is quite capable of turning the whole thing into ridicule. I dare say he considers his visit here a prolonged jest."

"With his poor leg, Kate? You are as unfair to him as you were to Falkner when they first came."

Kate, however, kept her dark eyebrows knitted in a piquant frown.

"To think of his intimating that he would allow Falkner to say! And yet you believe he has no evil influence over the young man."

Mrs. Hale laughed. "Where are you going so fast, Kate?" she called, mischievously, as the young lady flounced out of the room.

"Where? Why, to tidy John's room. He may be coming at any moment now. Or do you want to do it yourself?"

"No, no," returned Mrs. Hale, hurriedly, "you do it. I'll look in a little later on."

She turned away with a sigh. The sun was shining brilliantly outside. Through the half-open blinds its long shafts seemed to be searching the house for the lost guests, and making the hollow shell appear doubly empty. What a contrast to the dark days of mysterious seclusion and delicious security, lit by Lee's laughter and the sparkling hearth, which had passed so quickly! The forgotten outer world seemed to have returned to the house through those open windows and awakened its dwellers from a dream.

The morning seemed interminable, and it was past noon, while they were deep in a sympathetic conference with Mrs. Scott, who had drawn a pathetic word picture of the two friends perishing in the snowdrift, with outflames, lamely, smelling salts, or jelly, which they had forgotten when they were startled by the loud harking of Spot on the lawn before the house. The women looked hurriedly at each other.

"They have returned," said Mrs. Hale.

Kate ran to the window. A horseman was approaching the house. A single glance showed her that it was neither Falkner, Lee nor Hale, but a stranger.

"Perhaps he brings some news of them," said Mrs. Scott, quickly. So completely had been their preoccupation with the loss of their guests that they could not yet conceive of anything that did not pertain to it.

The stranger, who was at once ushered into the parlor, was evidently disconcerted by the presence of the three women.

"I reckoned to see John Hale yet," he began, awkwardly.

A slight look of disappointment passed over their faces. "He has not yet returned," said Mrs. Hale briefly.

"Shot? I wonder how. He's had time to do it, I reckon," said the stranger.

"I suppose he hasn't been able to get over from the Summit," returned Mrs. Hale. "The trail is closed."

"It ain't now, for I ken over it this mornin' myself."

"You didn't meet—any one?" asked Mrs. Hale timidly, with a glance at the others.

"No."

A long silence ensued. The unfortunate visitor plainly perceived an evident abatement of interest in himself, yet he still struggled politely to say something. "Then I reckon you know what kept Hale away?" he said dubiously.

"Oh, certainly—the stage robbery."

"I wish I'd known that," said the stranger redemptively, "for I've good ez rode over just to tell it to ye. Ye see John Hale, he sent a note to ye 'bout matters by a gentleman; but the road agents tackled that man, and left him for dead in the road."

"Yes," said Mrs. Hale impatiently.

"Luckily he didn't die, but ken to and managed to crawl into the bush, when I found him when I was lookin' for stock, and brought him to my house."

"You found him? Your house?" interrupted Mrs. Hale.

"Enter my house," continued the man doggedly. "Mr. Thompson of Thompson's Pass over you; mebbe it ain't much of a house, but I brought him there. Well, ez he couldn't find the note that Hale had given him, and like ez not the road agents had gone through him

and got it, ez soon ez the weather let up I made a break over yer to tell ye."

"You say Mr. Lee came to your house," repeated Mrs. Hale, "and is there now?"

"Not much," said the man grimly; "and I never said Lee was there. I mean that Bilson was shot by Lee and ken!"

"Certainly, Josephine," said Kate, suddenly stepping between her sister and Thompson, and turning upon her a white face and eyes of menacing significance. "Certainly—don't you remember—that's the story we got from the Chinaman, you know, who muddled. Go on, sir," she continued, turning to Thompson calmly: "you say that the man who brought the note from my brother was shot by Lee?"

"And another fellow they call Falkner. Yes, that's about the size of it."

"Thank you; it's nearly the same story that we heard. But you have had a long ride, Mr. Thompson; let me offer you a glass of whisky in the dining room. This way, please."

The door closed upon them none too soon. For Mrs. Hale already felt the room whirling around her and sank back into her chair with an hysterical laugh. Old Mrs. Scott did not move from her seat, but with her eyes fixed on the door, impatiently waited Kate's return. Neither spoke, but each felt that the young, untired girl was equal to the emergency and would get at the truth.

The sound of Thompson's feet in the hall and the closing of the front door was followed by Kate's reappearance. Her face was still pale, but calm.

"Well?" said the two women in a breath.

"Well," returned Kate, slowly, "Mr. Lee and Mr. Falkner were undoubtedly the two men who took the paper from John's messenger and brought it here."

"You are sure?" said Mrs. Scott.

"There can be no mistake, mother."

"Then," said Mrs. Scott, with triumphant feminine logic, "I don't want anything more to satisfy me that they are perfectly innocent."

More convincing than the most perfect masculine deduction, this single expression of their common nature sent a thrill of sympathy and understanding through each. They cried for a few moments on each other's shoulders.

"To think," said Mrs. Scott, "what that poor boy must have suffered to have been obliged to do—that to—Bilson—ain't that the creature's name? I suppose we ought to send over there and inquire after him, with some chicken and jelly. Kate, it's only common humanity, and we must be just, my dear; for even if he shot Mr. Lee and provoked the poor boy to shoot him, he may have thought it his duty. And, then, it will avert suspicions."

"To think," murmured Mrs. Hale, "what they must have gone through while they were here—momentarily expecting John to come, and yet keeping up such a light heart."

"I believe, if they had stayed any longer, they would have told us everything," said Mrs. Scott.

Both the younger women were silent. Kate was thinking of Falkner's significant speech as they neared the house on their last walk; Josephine was recalling the remorseful picture drawn by Lee, which she knew was his own portrait. Suddenly she started.

"But John will be here soon; what are we to tell him? And then that package and that letter."

"Don't be in a hurry to tell him anything at present, my child," said Mrs. Scott gently. "It is unfortunate this Mr. Thompson called here, but we are not obliged to understand what he says now about John's message, or to connect our visitors with his story. I'm sure, Kate, I should have treated them exactly as we did if they had come without any message from John; so I do not know why we should lay any stress on that, or ever speak of it. The simple fact is that we have opened our house to two strangers in distress."

Your husband," continued Mr. Hale's mother-in-law, "does not require to know more. As to the letter and package, we will keep that for further consideration. It cannot be of much importance or they would have spoken of it before; it is probably some trifling present as a return for your hospitality. I should use no indecorous haste in having it opened."

The two women kissed Mrs. Scott with a feeling of relief, and fell back into the monotony of their household duties. It is to be feared, however, that the absence of their outlawed guests was nearly as dangerous as their presence in the opportunity it afforded for uninterrupted and imaginative reflection.

Both Kate and Josephine were at first shocked and wounded by the discovery of the real character of the two men with whom they had associated so familiarly, but it was no disparagement to their sense of propriety to say that the shock did not last long, and was accompanied with the fascination of danger. This was succeeded by a consciousness of the delicate flattery implied in their indirect influence over the men who had undoubtedly risked their lives for the sake of remaining with them. The best woman is not above being touched by the effect of her power over the worst man, and Kate at first allowed herself to think of Falkner in that light. But if in her later reflections he suffered as a heroic experience to be forgotten, he gained something as an actual man to be remembered. Now that the proposed rides from "his friend's house" were a part of the illusion, would he ever dare to visit them again? Would she dare to see him? She held her breath with a sudden pain of parting that was now to her; she tried to think of something else, to pick up the scattered threads of her life before that eventful day. But in vain; that one week had filled the place with implacable memories, or more terrible, as it seemed to her and her sister, they had both lost their feeble, alien hold upon Eagle's Court in the sudden presence of the real geniuses of these solitudes, and henceforth they alone would be strangers there. They scarcely dared to confess it to each other, but this return to the dazzling sunlight and cloudless skies of the past appeared to them to be one unreal experience; they had never known the true wild flavor of their home except in that week of delicious isolation. Without breathing it aloud, they longed for some vague denouement to this experience that should take them from Eagle's Court forever.

It was now the next day when the little household beheld the last shred of their illusion vanish like the melting snow in the strong sunlight of John Hale's return. He was accompanied by Col. Clinch and Rawlins, two strangers to the women. Was it fancy or the avenging spirit of their absent companions? But he, too, looked a stranger,

and as the little cavalcade wound its way up the slope he appeared to sit his horse and wear his hat with a certain slouch and absence of his usual restraint that strangely shocked them. Even the old half-condescending, half-punctilious gallantry of his greeting of his wife and family was changed, as he introduced his companions with a mingling of familiarity and shyness that was new to him. Did Mrs. Hale regret it, or feel a sense of relief in the absence of his usual seigniorial formality? She only knew that she was grateful for the presence of the strangers, which for the moment postponed a matrimonial confidence from which she shrunk.

"Proud to know you," said Col. Clinch, with a sudden outbreak of the antique gallantry of some remote Huguenot ancestor.

"My friend, Judge Hale, must be a regular Roman citizen to leave such a family and such a home at the call of public duty. Eh, Rawlins?"

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"Steady, boys," interrupted Stanner, as his five henchmen fled into the hall. "There's no backin' down here, Col. Clinch, unless you and Hale kullkilate to back down the state of California! The matter stands like this: There's a half-breed Mexican, called Manuel, arrested over at the Summit, who swears he saw George Lee and Edward Falkner in this house the night after the robbery. He says that they were makin' themselves at home here, as if they were among friends, and considerin' the kind of help we've had from Mr. John Hale, it looks ez if it might be true. "It's an infamous lie," said Hale.

"It may be true, John," said Mrs. Scott, suddenly stepping in front of her pale-cheeked daughters. "A wounded man was brought here out of the storm by his friend, who claimed the shelter of your roof. As your mother I should have been unworthy to stay beneath it and have denied that shelter or withheld it until I knew his name and what he was. He stayed here until he could be removed. He left a letter for you. It will probably tell you if he was the man this person is seeking."

"Thank you, mother," said Hale, lifting her hand to his lips quietly; "and perhaps you will kindly tell these gentlemen that, as your son does not care to know who or what the stranger was, there is no necessity for opening the letter or keepin' Mr. Stanner a moment longer."

"But you will oblige me, John, by opening it before these gentlemen," said Mrs. Hale, recovering her voice and color. "Please to follow me," she said, preceding them to the staircase.

They entered Mr. Hale's room, now restored to its original condition. On the table lay a letter and a small package. The eyes of Mr. Stanner, a little abashed by the attitude of the two women, fastened upon it and glistened.

Josephine handed her husband the letter. He opened it in breathless silence and read: "John Hale:

"We owe you no return for voluntarily making yourself a champion of justice and pursuing us, except it was to offer you a fair field and no favor. We didn't get that much from you, but accident brought us into your house and into your family, where we did get it and were fairly vanquished. To the victors belong the spoils. We leave the package of greenbacks which we took from Col. Clinch in the Sierra coach, but which was first stolen by Harkins from forty-four shareholders of the Excelsior Ditch. We have no right to say what you should do with it, but if you aren't tired of following the same line of justice that induced you to run after us you will try to restore it to its rightful owners."

"We leave you another trifle as an evidence that our intrusion into your affairs was not without some service to you, even if the service was as accidental as the intrusion. You will find a pair of boots in the corner of your closet. They were taken from the burglarious feet of Manuel, your peon, who, believing the three ladies were alone and at his mercy, entered your house with an accomplice at 2 o'clock on the morning of the 21st, and was kicked out by

"Your obedient servant,"

"GEORGE LEE & EDWARD FALKNER."

"I shall hand it over to the Excelsior company," said the colonel, "but I shall inform Ned of what I have done."

"Then," said Mrs. Scott, "will you kindly take a message from us to him?"

"If you wish it."

"You will be doing me a great favor, colonel," said Hale, politely.

Whatever the message was, six months later it brought Edward Falkner, the re-established superintendent of the Excelsior Ditch, to Eagle's Court. As he and Kate stood again on the plateau, looking toward the distant slopes once more green with verdure, Falkner said:



He and Kate stood again on the plateau.

"Everything here looks as it did the first day I saw it, except your sister."

"The pace does not agree with her," said Kate hurriedly. "That is why my brother thinks of leaving it before the winter sets in."

"It seems so said," said Falkner, "for the last words poor George said to me, as he left to join his cousin's corps at Richmond, were: 'If I'm not killed, Ned, I hope some day to stand again beside Mrs. Hale at the window in Eagle's Court, and watch you and Kate coming home!'"

THE END.

GROTESQUE DWARFED TREES

Arts of the Chinese Landscape Gardener.

Pigmy Bearers of Fruit and Flowers.

"Melican man him heap smart; him makee the glow velly big. Him no savee makee the glow little. Chinaman do that; me tell you how do that," said Hop Low, a Chinese landscape gardener freshly arrived from the Pacific slope, in answer to inquiries about the peculiar dwarfed trees shown in Chinese garden scenes.

"Chinaman him makee thee any shape him want," continued the speaker; "like bell, like cross, like man's hand. Me makee thee like man's hand in China. When him old him no bigger than this," said the gardener, holding his hand about two feet from the floor, and him havee nice good dangles on him. Me makee oak trees just like same."

The celestial, who seemed in a communicative mood unusual with his race, went on to say that the dwarfed oak bore acorns and that its wood was just like that of the trees of natural size. Citron and bamboo trees were also dwarfed, and for this purpose the larch tree was a favorite.

"How is this dwarfing accomplished?" was asked.

"Him velly easy," was the reply, and the speaker described the process, which consists in covering a branch of a full grown tree with mold and binding the same on tightly with a cloth or matting of some kind which is kept constantly soaked with water. The fibers of the branch thus covered soon shoot into the mold. The branch is then carefully cut from the tree, and after the bandage is taken off it is planted in new earth. The fibers then become roots and thus that which was a branch on the parent tree becomes a trunk, bearing flowers and fruit. The buds at the extremities of the branches which are intended to be dwarfed are torn off as soon as they appear, and by this means the growth of the branches is arrested and other buds and branches shoot out. After a certain time sugar water is applied to the trunk of the dwarfed tree, and by this means insects are attracted which would bore the bark and give it the knotted appearance peculiar to old trees. When it is intended to give any peculiar form to a tree the branches are bent into the shape and retained in it by means of pieces of bamboo.

It is said that bamboo trees scarcely four feet high are frequently distorted to represent dragons and other fanciful creatures dear to the Chinese imagination. These the informant above had never seen, but he smiled blandly and said: "China great country," and shouted after the writer:

"You clonee bla k again, me teller you some more."

He has been brought to Chicago for the purpose of exercising his fantastic skill upon some of the handsome north side and suburban grounds.—Chicago News.

The Delights of River Life.

No one who has not tried the experiment knows how delightful it is to live constantly on the river. I used to do so but sold my boat and for some months have endured the noisiness incidental to life on shore. I have had to pay rent and taxes and have been bothered about both water and drainage. I am having a new boat built now and when it is finished I shall feel like going into paradise. My plan is to tie the boat near some waste land and let my cow and chickens graze on it. They cost me next to nothing to keep, and no man can claim either rent or taxes from me. When I want a change I engage a little help and go down the river, and I have worked up a little trade at every town on the route, ending at New Orleans. Last year I was six months going down, and all I regret is that I sold my boat at New Orleans and came back on a steamer. Give me river life with all its freedom and ease, and when I die there is no burial place I should like better than what the dear old Mississippi can afford.—Mrs. J. H. Irby in Globe-Democrat.

Strange Association of Ideas.

A gentleman remarked to me the other day: "There are some singular things that occur to a person every once in a while, without a person being able to account for them, and one experience I have had in the relation of odors to events has often interested me. I sometimes partake of a slice of well cooked ham, and almost invariably—no matter what I happen to be thinking about when the food reaches my plate—the moment the odor of the ham reaches my nostrils I am at once transported in mind to my old home, many miles away, and I am reminded of a day in early spring, when the April air is full of many tears. I can't possibly tell why it should be so—I only know that it is, and it always seems a singular thing to me that the odor and the time seem so closely related."—Pioneer Press "Listener."

Two Old Universities.

The University of San Marcos, in Lima, Peru, was founded eighty-five years before Harvard, and the University of Mexico antedates the Cambridge institution by eighty-three years.—Chicago Times.

TENEMENT CIGARS.

SICKENING SCENES AMONG THE CITY'S CIGARMAKERS.

Helen Campbell's Story of the Children at Work in the Tenement Houses of New York—Disease and Death in the Leaf.

It is to the cigar making trade that women and girls turn during the dull season, and one finds in it representatives from every trade in which women are engaged. The sewing women employed in suit and clothing manufactories during the busy season have no resource save this, and thus prices are kept down and the regular cigar makers constantly re-enforced by the irregular. In the present case it was chiefly with regular makers that the house was filled, one room, a little less than twelve by fourteen feet, holding a family of seven persons, three of them children under 10, all girls. Tobacco lay in piles on the floor and under the long table at one end where the cigars were rolled, its rank smell dominating that from the sinks and from the general filth, not only of this room but of the house as a whole. Two of the children sat on the floor stripping the leaves, and another on a small stool. A girl of 20 sat near them, and all alike had sores on lips and cheeks and on the hands.

THE LITTLE TOTS AT WORK.

Children from 5 or 6 years up can be taught to strip and thus add to the week's income, which is far less for the tenement house manufacture than for regular factory work, the latter averaging from \$8 to \$12 a week. But the work if done at home can be made to include the entire family, and some 4,000 women are engaged in it, an almost equal but unregistered number of young children sharing it with them. As in sewing, a number of women often club together, using one room, and in such cases their babies crawl about in the filth on the wet floors, playing with the damp tobacco and breathing the poison with which the room is saturated.

Here, as in tobacco factories, women and girls of every age become speedily the victims of nervous and hysterical complaints, the direct result of nicotine poisoning, while succeeding these come consumption and throat diseases resulting from the dust. Canker is one of the most frequent difficulties, and sores of many orders, the trade involving more dangers than any that can be chosen. Yet because an entire family can find occupation in it, with no necessity for leaving home, it is often preferred to easier employment. It is the children who suffer most, growth being stunted, nervous disease developed and ending often in St. Vitus' dance, and skin diseases of every order being the rule, the causes being not only tobacco, but the filth in which they live.

THE POISON OF PREPARATION.

It is doubtful if the most inveterate smoker would feel much relief for the cigar manufactured under such conditions, yet hundreds of thousands go out yearly from these houses, bearing in every leaf the poison of their preparation. In this one house nearly thirty children of all ages and sizes, bodies predominating, rolled in the tobacco which covered the floor and was piled in every direction, and of these children under 10 thirteen were stripped and did their day's work of ten hours and more. Physical degeneration in its worst forms become inevitable. Even the factory childworker fares better, for in the factory there is exercise and the going to and from work, while in the tenement house cigar making the worn out little creatures crawl to the bed, often only a pile of bags in the corner, or lie down on a heap of the tobacco itself, breathing the poison day and night unintermittently.

Vices of every order flourish in such air, and morality in this trade is at the lowest ebb. Nervous excitement is so intense that necessarily nothing but immorality can result, and the child of 8 or 10 is as gross and confirmed an offender as the full grown man or woman. Diligent search discovers few exceptions to this rule, and the whole matter has reached a stage where legislative interference is absolutely indispensable. Only in forbidding tenement house manufacture absolutely can there be any safety for either consumer or producer.—Helen Campbell in New York Tribune.

For Humanitarians to Think Over.

If any one will take the trouble to look at facts as shown by statistics, it will be found at once that there are four boys needing the care of the state to one girl. This can be readily proved by the experience of all the societies above alluded to, by the reports of state schools elsewhere and by records of the courts. As there are probably as many girls as boys born into the world, one naturally seeks a reason for this state of things, which is easily found in the following clauses. First, in case of death or disaster to parents, friends and relatives are always more ready to take the girls than the boys.

Girls are more easily controlled, more helpful in the house, and it is a common experience that when a family is left destitute the neighbors will offer homes to the girls, while the boys are left to shift for themselves. Secondly, even in poor families more safeguards are thrown about girls.

A mother who will let her small boy 10 or 12 years spend his entire time out of school and up to 10 p. m. loafing about the streets will keep the girl of the same age carefully at home, helping about the house under her own supervision, so that while the boy becomes a vagrant and she soon loses control of him, the girl grows up hard working and respectable and needing no outside care.—Chicago Tribune.

"Wrong Foot Foremost."

"You got out of bed wrong foot foremost," scolds the mother at the fretful child. She does not know what the words mean. But if she could trace the saying back 3,000 years she would find it originated precisely where the picture given by Christ of the judgment day came from; the right was associated, in all antiquity, with good luck and the left with bad fortune. "To put the left leg out of bed first was a bad sign. I suppose of all things our good parsons would protest against being charged with worshipping the sun; yet the custom of looking upward in prayer originated in the worship of the day god."—Globe-Democrat.

The Growth of Earth Worms.

Cut an earth worm in two and place the two halves in a flower pot with earth kept constantly moist, and in less than a year you will find two whole worms. A head will have grown on the half that had but a tail, while a tail will have grown to the half that had none.

If you like to keep your friends, keep your money where they can't get it. Derms who borrows of you and can't pay feels dot you had wronged him.—Carl Dunder in Detroit Free Press.

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Woven Wire Mattress**

<p>Roofing & Spouting</p> <p>Promptly attended to.</p> <hr/> <p>R. A. PINN,</p> <p>Real Estate Dealer</p> <p>—AND—</p> <p>ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,</p>	<p>AND OTHER SPRING BOTTOMS.</p> <p>Thankful for favors bestowed upon me in the past, I hope by strict attention to business to merit a continuance of the same.</p> <hr/> <p>JOHN H. OGDEN.</p> <hr/> <p>Real Estate!</p> <hr/> <p>James R. Dunn,</p> <p>—Administrator of the—</p> <p>Estate of Kent James</p>
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Houses and lots at Akron street, one lot north of
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Good barn, 100 x 100, well improved, on Canton
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Water new, all new houses and one vacant lot
at West Fremont street.
Three new houses on South Main street.
Large lot adjoining on West Main street.
New lot on second addition, below Russell &
Cly's house.
Water lots No. 32, 33 and 34 on Chester street.
Lot No. 6 on Erie street.
Bldg of lots No. 25, 26 and 27 Edwin street.
Lots No. 50, 51, 52 and 53, Edwin street.
Water lots No. 45 and 46 Dwight street.
One cheap dwelling house in Taylor Clay
addition to No. 34, North of Cherry street.

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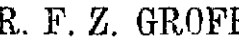
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Will purify the **BLOOD**, regulate the **LIVER** and **KIDNEYS**, and **BRING THE BLOOD TO THE SURFACE OF THE SKIN**, OR OF **SOURCE** (lower part of Apoplexy, Trilium, and other ailments). **Strength and Tissue** (and other ailments) **absolutely cured**. Bone, muscle, and other ailments.


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